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1864.	1863.	1862.	1861.	1860.	1859.
Jan.	1	1	1	1	1
Feb.	2	2	2	2	2
Mar.	3	3	3	3	3
Apr.	4	4	4	4	4
May.	5	5	5	5	5
June.	6	6	6	6	6
July.	7	7	7	7	7
Aug.	8	8	8	8	8
Sept.	9	9	9	9	9
Oct.	10	10	10	10	10
Nov.	11	11	11	11	11
Dec.	12	12	12	12	12

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I AM HERE!

PHILIP, DUKE OF NEVERS,
AND
THE LITTLE PARISIAN.

CHAPTER IV.—THE LITTLE PARISIAN.

"You know more than I do then," said the factotum, with pretended carelessness.
"Indeed, but this is not all; there is another thing, which perhaps my noble friends do not know. Aurora de Caylus is not the mistress of the Prince."
"Oh!" cried Peyrolles.
"She is his wife!" said the Gascon, resolutely.
Peyrolles turned pale, and muttered, "How did you know that?"
"I know it for certain—it little matters how; but I have not done yet. Four years ago a secret marriage took place in the chapel of Caylus, and if I am well informed, you and your master were witnesses."
Peyrolles did not deny this.
"What are you driving at?" he stammered.
"To find out," replied the Gascon, "what noble master was to serve to-night."
"Never has married the daughter without the father's consent. What more natural than that the Marquis of Caylus should revenge himself?"
"Nothing more natural, if the good gentleman knew of his daughter's secret marriage—which he does not. He is not such a fool as to reject the first nobleman in France for a son-in-law. If the Prince had said to him, 'The King wants me to marry the Princess of Savoy, but I have secretly married your daughter,' all might have been easily arranged. But the reputation of the Marquis de Nevers fear for his wife, whom he adores."
"Well, the end of all this?" interrupted Peyrolles.
"Is that we are not working for M. de Caylus."
"It is clear," added Passepoil.
"As day," grumbled the chorus.
"Whom do you work for, then?" asked Peyrolles, savagely.
"Ah, my friend, we are coming to that. Do you know the names of the three Phillips? I'll tell it to you in three words. They are three noble gentlemen. One is Philip of Mantau, Duke of Gonzague—your master, Master Peyrolles, who is ruined, and gone to the devil; the second is Philip of Nevers, whom we are waiting for; the third is Philip of France, duke of Chartres. All three young ones are waiting for the strongest friendship unites the three Phillips; it is said, but leaving the king's nephew out of the question, let us speak only of Nevers and Gonzague, Damon and Pythias."
"Zounds!" cried Peyrolles, "you would not accuse Damon of killing Pythias?"
"Oh, the real Damon was not ruined, and the real Pythias did not six hundred thousand crowns a year."
"Which our Pythias has, and our Damon would inherit," said Passepoil.
"And the true Pythias, with whom Damon was in love," added Coardasse, filling his glass. "I drink to Damon, our brave Gonzague, who would have a fine fortune, and perhaps the lady, if Pythias, otherwise Nevers happened to die to-night."
"To Prince Damon's health!" cried the rest.
"Well, what you say to that, Master Peyrolles?" said Coardasse triumphantly.
"I say that you lie," murmured the factotum.
"The Prince of Gonzague is too far above such an infamous slander to need exculpation."
"Passepoil," cried Coardasse, "as Master Peyrolles won't give in, it is your turn to tackle him now."
Blushing to the ears, and in a timid voice, Passepoil began:
"I don't know that three years ago, while the three Phillips led so joyous a life at Paris, that the king threatened to send his nephew away; I was in the service of an Italian doctor, Pierre Garba."
"I knew the man," interrupted Faenza. "He was a black-hearted villain."
Passepoil smiled.
"He was very learned, and used to compose a certain potion that he called 'The Elixir of Life.'"
The bullies laughed.
"The bullies laughed," cried Coardasse.
Peyrolles wiped the perspiration from his forehead.
"Prince Philip de Gonzague often came to see my master, and about this time the young Nevers was taken ill."
"It is a base calumny," cried Peyrolles.
"Have I accused any one?" said Passepoil, innocently.
The confident hit his lip.
"You must allow me to retire, if you please," he said.
"Assuredly," cried the Gascon laughing, and he'll send you to the castle and speak to the Marquis."
Peyrolles turned livid, and threw himself in a chair.
"Go on, Passepoil," said Coardasse.
"They said the young duke was likely to die," continued Passepoil; "the king was uneasy; the duke of Chartres inconsolable."
"Gonzague was still more inconsolable," added the confident.
"I don't deny it," cried Passepoil; "in proof of his grief, he came every evening to my master, disguised as a servant, and always said, 'It is very long, doctor—very long.'"
Every man in the room was a murderer, yet all shuddered.
"One night," continued Passepoil, "the Prince came earlier. 'Nevers fended to-day, and can no longer hold a sword,' he said. 'Then,' said the doctor, 'the end is coming—perhaps to-morrow.' But the very next day the duke of Chartres carried Nevers off with him to Touraine. As my master was not there, Nevers got well, and afterwards went on to Naples. Gonzague came and asked my master to take a journey there, and he was getting ready to start, when unluckily, the steeple burst and my poor master died from inhaling his own Elixir. But to finish my story. After a year and a half, Nevers returned, strong as a lion; and you all know that, after Lagardere, he is the first swordsman in the world."
"So good a swordsman, that Gonzague thinks it necessary to employ eight swordsmen against him," said Coardasse, with a mocking laugh.
"What do you want?" cried Peyrolles; "more money?"
"Much more," answered Coardasse; "a father avenging his daughter's honor pays much less than a gentleman who wishes to inherit his friend's fortune without any further delay."
"What do you require?"
"Triple the sum in that canvas bag," replied Coardasse, pointing to the bag of money which still lay on the table.
"Agreed," said Peyrolles; "anything more?"
"Yes; we shall require to be taken into your master's service."
"Be it so," said the factotum.
"An! thirdly—" added Coardasse.
"If you ask too much—" began Peyrolles.
"If the king's nephew should seek to avenge his friend?"
"In that case," said Peyrolles, "we should all go into Italy."
Coardasse consulted Passepoil and the rest in hurried whispers.
"It's a bargain," he said, after this brief consultation.
Peyrolles held out his hand; the other touched it with a cold hand.
"The bargain is struck," he cried; "I answer for the fidelity of my comrades; and now let us finish our wine!"
After Peyrolles' departure, the boon companions continued their carousal.
"Who is the Little Parisian?" asked Saldague.
"Another glass, and I will tell you his history," answered Coardasse; "though there's not much in it. By birth he is as noble as the King, though no one ever knew his father or mother. He was a boy of twelve when I first met him in the Palais Royal, beset by a dozen vagabonds older than himself, who wanted to rob a poor old woman who sold cheese-cakes. I asked him his name?—Little Lagardere? His parents? He had none. Who took care of him?—No one. Where did he live?—In the ruined turret of the ancient castle of Lagardere. How did he keep himself?—By plunging for money off the bridge, and by playing all sorts of antics. I think I can see him now, mimicking the old head of St. Germain, who was hump-backed."
"I took a fancy to the little fellow, and asked him if he would come with me. No, he said, because he took care of Mother Bernard—a poor old woman to whom he brought all his money. Then I told him all the delights of a school, his eyes glistened, and he said, with a sigh, 'When Mother Bernard dies, I'll come to you.' I thought no more of it; but sure enough, three years afterward, he came. Some young nobleman made game of him; the Little Parisian soon flogged them. He was so supple and agile, but as hard as iron. At a year's end he could cross swords with me."
"He became a soldier; he killed his captain, and deserted. He enlisted again, and served a campaign in Germany. At Breslau he went out alone, against orders, and brought back four prisoners. General Villars made him a cornet—he killed his officer, and was always talking of his cornet's school. The General liked him, and sent him to tell the King the victory of Baden; the Duke of Anjou saw him, and made him page. The Duchess ladies fell in love with him—he was dismissed. At last fortune smiled on him, and he became one of the King's Guards. Fire and fury! I don't know why he quitted the court. If for I told him all the better for her, if for a man, his knell is tolled!"
Coardasse was silent—Passepoil applauded.
The sun was going down behind the trees, and the friends were already talking of retiring, when Saldague, who was sitting near the window, saw a boy slide furiously down the slope below the castle. He was about thirteen or fourteen, and wore the dress of a page. He had no badge but a courier's band round his waist.
"Parlied!" said Carigue, "that's the second time we've seen that fellow. I've a strong suspicion that he's a spy. Suppose we go out and question him?"
All agreeing, they divided in two companies, and took the only two roads to the ditch.
The boy seeing himself entrapped, did not attempt to escape.
"My good sir," he cried, "do not kill me—I have nothing."
"Don't tell lies!" said Carigue; "you passed over the hill this morning."
"Axe!" said the page.
"Oh! he comes straight from Agele."
"Axe!" repeated the boy.
"We won't hurt you, child," said Coardasse; but to whom are you carrying that lovely letter?"
"Go on," echoed the page.
"Let us search him," cried Carigue.
"Oh, no—don't search me!" said the boy, falling on his knees.
"What's your name?" asked Coardasse.
"Berichon."
"Who's your master?"
There was no answer.
The men grew angry. Saldague seized the boy by the collar. The page flung himself away from Saldague, and drew a dagger scarcely larger than a plaything. He rushed between Faenza and Staupitz, and made off; but Passepoil caught him. Still he fought valiantly with his little weapon; he scratched Saldague, and kicked Carigue. But the odds were too much against him; his persecutors' hands grasped him tight, when a thunderbolt at once dispersed them. One was thrown one way, one another; two or three measured their lengths on the ground.
One man alone caused this commotion, and he and the boy stood in the midst of the circle of astonished bullies.
"The rascal!" cried Coardasse, getting up. But suddenly a smile curved his mouthache.
"The Little Parisian!" exclaimed Passepoil.
"Captain Lagardere!" added the rest.

CHAPTER V.—THE THRUST OF NEVERS.

It was Lagardere—the breaker of heads, and the slayer of hearts.
The eight swordsmen did not dare to draw upon the young fellow of eighteen who filled his arms and smile. None of these hired assassins were cowards, but this man was Lagardere.
Coardasse and Passepoil had not ventured him too highly.
There he stood—noble, frank, valiant—brilliant in his youthful manhood, his shining chestnut hair falling round his broad white forehead. Dark eyebrows and eyelashes shaded his brilliant yet soft brown eyes; and a frequent and joyous smile played round his mouth, which was adorned by a soft moustache.
His figure was rather above middle height, and was at once supple, graceful and vigorous.
He wore the elegant dress of the King's Life Guards—a little faded and worn, but relieved by a rich velvet mantle he wore negligently over one shoulder. The red scarf fringed with gold round his waist showed the rank he now held.
"Have you no shame?" he cried, disdainfully, "that you can fill use a child?"
"Captain—" began Saldague.
"Be silent! Who are these swaggerers?"
Coardasse and Passepoil came to him, hot in hand.
"Oh! my two protectors!" he exclaimed.—
"What brings you so far from home?"
He held out his hand to them.
"And the others? I have seen you somewhere," he said, turning to Staupitz.
"At Cologne—you pinked me once," said the German humbly.
"Ah! ah!" cried Lagardere. "And my two champions from Madrid, and this honest fellow, whose skull I broke with a stick! Gentlemen, we seem to have met before; but you found me tougher to deal with than this poor boy. Come here, child."
Berichon obeyed.
Coardasse wished to explain why they wanted to search the page, but Lagardere imposed silence.
"What brought you here?" he asked the child.
"You are kind, and I will tell you," answered the boy. "I brought a letter."
"To whom?"
Berichon hesitated, and looked towards the window.
"To you," he answered.
"Give it me."
"And I have another letter."
"For whom?"
"For a lady."
Lagardere threw him his purse.
"Go, boy," he said; "no one will interrupt you."
The page set off, and disappeared behind the window.
Lagardere opened his letter.
"Bravo!" he cried. "This is what I call a gallant message. Nevers is a noble fellow."
"Nevers?" they all cried. "What is it?"
Lagardere led the way back to the inn.
"Some wine," he said, "and I will tell you the story, sit you here, Coardasse and Passepoil; the others, where they can. I must tell you, then, that I am exiled from France."
"Wherefore?" cried several.
"You know the Baron of Balfion? Well, he is dead. The King has ennobled me, you know, that I might be in his Guard; and I promised to behave well, and for six months I kept my word. But one night, that Balfion tried to frighten a poor little cadet from the country, so I pulled his ears; and of course we fought, and he fell. There is justice for you! I deserved a reward, and instead, I am out-lawed."
All showed their sympathy, and agreed that the arts were not encouraged.
"Well," continued Lagardere, "Tobey orders, and depart; but before I go, I have a fancy to fight a duel and have a love-adventure. Now, do you know the Duke of Nevers?"
"Some said old Master Delaplaine had sold to the Duke a method of being quite certain of pinning a man in the middle of the forehead between the eyes."
"I thought nothing of secret thrusts," Lagardere continued, "before I encountered Nevers; and his confounded thrust broke my rest. And then everyone said this Nevers was so handsome, so brave; they were always talking of his cornet's school, his luck at cards, and gallant adventures. All this troubled me; so I went and waited for his coming from the Louvre and I said:
"Sir, relying on your great courtesy, I have come to ask you to teach me your secret thrust."
"Who are you?"
"I am Lagardere, of the King's Life Guards; formerly Cornet of Porte, Lieutenant of Conti, Captain in Nevers' Horse."
"Ah!" he cried, getting off his horse. "You are the handsome Lagardere? I am tired of hearing your praises."
"We went down by the church of St. Germain."
"If you do not think me of too low rank?" I asked.
"His answer was a thrust so straight and prompt that, without a leap, I might have fallen. 'That is my thrust,' he said."
"Another little lesson," I cried.
"He pinked me right on the forehead that time."
"You saw only fire, then my little Parisian?" insinuated Coardasse.
"I saw the faint, but not the parry," answered Lagardere. "Nevers is so quick, and the watch came and parted us."
"So Nevers will always have you at advantage," cried Coardasse.
"Not so sure," answered Lagardere.
"What! you know the secret?"
"Parlied! I studied it well."
"Well!"
"Oh, it is nothing."
The swordsmen drew breath.
"Sir Knight," said Coardasse, very humbly, "might I ask you the greatest favor?"
"Certainly."
"Would you show me that thrust?"
"With very great pleasure," answered the Little Parisian.
Lagardere and Coardasse put themselves on their guard. The others made a circle round them.
"One, two, tierce, parry; to the right; draw back, parry; one, two, a pass under the sword, and forward," cried Lagardere, in sharp and rigid accents.
Coardasse jumped aside.
"I see a thousand candles!"
"And the parry?" cried they all.
"Clear as daylight," said Lagardere. "Come! tierce—draw back, prime twice—parry—foil—the trick is done."
"Have you caught it?" cried Coardasse to the rest, wiping his forehead. "It might serve."
"It will serve at once," said Lagardere, and he opened his letter. "Nevers promised me my revenge," he said; "I wrote to him and here is his answer. What a fine fellow he is. When I am only his match I shall follow him like a brother. He agrees to meet me here, at dusk, in the trenches of Caylus."
A profound silence followed this announcement.
Passepoil put his finger on his lip.
"Why choose this place?" asked Coardasse.
"Oh!" said Lagardere, laughing; "I heard that the old Marquis here was the best goaler in the world; and having met his daughter Aurora at the village festival at Tarbes—by my faith! she is adorably beautiful—after my little sally with Nevers I wished to console the charming reclus."
"Have you the key of the gaol, Captain?" demanded Coardasse.
"Oh, I shall enter somehow—by the door—by the window. It won't be the first fortress I have taken by assault. Don't you think it will be a delightful adventure?"

DUTCH

E. B. RO

THURSDAY

HAVING seen printers of this editor and deing themselves etc., and drin rages that are rating to the week with a better excuse acquaintances o

"We ha this week, but respondents to their commun ing, to insure compelled to not publishing matter," and compositors a bag-laf, W fact that "pu packages, \$1 increase for d to the last fo in purchasing or in discount know which. But that the communica- patriots to cont they can do s tution, or intima the Government.

MINING.—We u in the Rattlesnake pany, a few days sin feet has also been Meadow Lake Dist the above the stoel, and the sto at \$5 per foot.

THE Sons of had a Pleasant of the Sons of last. Before was served, of

JUGO Coe sanctum a vis good health.

Sons of T ing of Ben Fi their hall in tl following man cers for the er Davis: E. B dy, W. A.; M. as, A. R. S.; J Treas.; T. D C.; C. W. Sta W. Northrup, Nancy Amos; Wightcup; 1 Thomas; 2nd Miss S. E. H

I. O. O. F Lodge No. 81 on the evening named person present term, F. Burckhale J. M. Childs, I Hudepohl, Tr Chapman.

INSTALLED, were installed 101, F. & A. Dec. 27th: Th ford, S. W. J. ley, Treas.; J. Coffin, J. Da a The follow as officers of I at their hall at C. Rich, W. M J. W.; H. C. I

TWO CASES says the Mary ed John Callal asked the keep several individ taking his life request. Call cates that he probably be se other man, na was locked u amount of mo and that he a crawling up an too, will probal it is supposed

Mrs. MAOR Walla Walla Mrs. Magra dren, visited t in Lewiston, what they had hand? The p time. At low last he saw of Hamack. Sh "Johnny, beg they did with y with frande gr —and said sh the body to ha The prisonr the scene, and Howard excla saked don't let father died sad man feels. Sh if I had a mil than see her a

SHOOTING.—a young actress a pistol at Mr. the Opera Hou tree's arm th bullet passed th or misundersta Maguire's theat to be the cause arrested but rel

FOUND DEA but too well found, Wednes doorway of a he and successful e was with her to the last. The woman was once well off and respectable, but was seduced into marriage by a villain who wanted her property.

TO MY HUSBAND.

The love I gave in girlish pride,
Was all such love could be;
But now my tried and faithful heart
Knows no life but in thee!

I sit long dreary hours alone,
And list thy coming feet,
Till my heart grows so still and cold
That scarce a pulse can beat.

If pale's thy cheek, or o'er thy brow
I mark the shadows stray,
Earth hath not in it a gift or joy
Can make my spirit gay.

'Tis long since I, as priestess first
Burns it not brightly now as then?
Did ever my spirit tire?

AN INCIDENT OF THE CAPTURE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette mentions the following incident of the capture of Lookout Mountain:

It was near sundown, when Gen. T. J. Wood, whose conduct all through the three days' battle marked him as one of the ablest leaders of the national armies, pushed forward and took all the enemy's works on top! Here is a fine chance for having you all court-martialed; and I myself will appear as the principal witness against you, unless you promise me one thing.

"What is it? what is it?" laughingly inquired his men.

"It is," resumed the General, "that as you are now in possession of these works, you will continue against all opposition of Bragg, Johnston, Jeff. Davis, and the devil, steadfastly to hold them!"

At the conclusion of this speech the enthusiasm of the soldiers knew no bounds. They left the ranks and crowded around their General. "We promise!" they cried. "We'll hold them!" "Let any one try to take them from us!" "Bully for you!" "Three cheers for old Wood!" The gallant officer rode off the field.

IRON AND STEEL.—Steel is iron passed thro' a process called cementation, the object of which is to impregnate with carbon. Carbon exists more abundantly in charcoal than in any other fusible substance, and the smoke that goes up from a charcoal forge is carbon in a fluid state. Now, if you can manage to confine that smoke, and put a piece of iron into it for several days, and heat the iron at the same time, it will become steel. Heating the iron opens its pores, so that the smoke or carbon can enter into it.

The furnace for this purpose is a conical building of brick, in the middle of which are two troughs of brick or stone, which hold about four tons of bar iron. At the bottom is a large grate for the iron. A layer of charcoal is put at the bottom of the troughs, then a layer of bar iron, and so on, alternately, until the troughs are full. They are then covered over with clay, to keep out the air, which, if admitted, would prevent the cementation. Fire is then communicated to the wood and coal with which the furnace is filled, and continued until the conversion of iron into steel is completed, which generally happens in about eight or ten days. This is known by the blisters on the bars, which the workmen occasionally draw out and examine at intervals. When the conversion is completed the fire is then let go out, and the bars remain in the furnace about eight days more to cool.

The bars of steel are then taken out, and either sold as blistered steel or drawn to a convenient size, when it is called filed steel. German steel is made out of this filed steel, by breaking the bars into short pieces and welding them together, drawing them down to a proper size for use.

A SNAKE IN HIS HAIR.—The editor of a periodical states a gentleman of the highest respectability to him the following snake story, which beats anything we have read lately: "Going into an ordinary for his dinner, he was surprised to observe the extra care with which a gentleman who took the seat opposite to him took off his hat. He turned his head as nearly upside down as possible without breaking his neck, then placing his head over his hat, he again turned it, and received its carefully guarded contents, concealed in a pocket handkerchief, on his hand; then gently laying the back of his hand on the cushion, he slid the hat and its contents off, and commenced his dinner. The attention of my friend was irresistibly directed towards the hat; and his surprise was greatly increased, on observing the head of a sizzling snake thrust out and looking sharply about him. The gentleman perceiving the discovery, addressed him thus: "My dear sir, I was in hopes to have dined alone, and not annoyed any one with my poor pet. Allow me to explain: I am perfectly harmless, only a common black snake. I was advised to carry him on my head for rheumatism. I have done so for several weeks and am cured—positively cured of a most agonizing malady. I dare not part with him; the memory of my sufferings is too vivid; all my care to avoid discovery, and to treat my pet as well as possible in his prison, has been so great, that I feel him on my head, and he does not seem to suffer. Pardon me for my annoyance; you have my story—it is true. I am thankful to the informer for the cure, and to you for your courtesy in not leaving your dinner in disgust."

SHOCKING MURDER.—A most atrocious and cold blooded murder took place in a cap in the streets of London. Between eight and nine o'clock a man called a cab at the Great Eastern Railway Station and got into it with a woman and two girls. They did not go far when he stopped the cab and desired the cabman to drive a pint of ale, which was handed in, and drunk by the inmates of the cab. On reaching Highbury Hill the cab was stopped again, and the man got out, professed to have an appointment but paid the fare for the others, and desired the cabman to drive them to Westbourne grove. On opening the door to let them out, the cabman was horrified to find that the females, whom he had seen enter the cab a few minutes before in full health, were all lying dead at the bottom of the cab. The man is supposed to have poisoned them by mixing prussic acid in their drink.

EUROPE IN A FIVE ACRE LOT.—The latest French idea is a plan in alto-relievo of the whole of Europe, not in maps or models, but actually raised out of the ground. A garden is to be set aside for the modeller, who, taking Mount Blanc, fifteen feet high, as his point of departure, is to raise in just proportion around it the rest of the mountains of Europe, pour the seas into their proper places, and intersect the whole with roads, canals, railways, fortifications. A steam engine is to act the part of the moon and regulate the tides. It will be a geographical garden, where "the who runs may read."

HOOPS.—It is getting to be a question which is the most dangerous, our iron-clad ships or our steel-clad women! A distressed lover in Blackwood, thus expatiates on the dangers of eroline:

How can I stoop? How can I kneel?
How can I worship at thy feet?
When thou art fenced about with steel,
An anathema in mail complete!
I fear not Cupid's darts; I fear not
An arrow for thy sake to die;
But if a splinter chanced to start,
Why, dearest, I might lose an eye.
Ah, cruel! therefore bear that mine,
Of danger in thy eroline?

A CANDIDATE for office came upon "a poor white man" who had a vote to give, if he did have to do his own milking. The candidate, Jones, asked him if he should hold the cow, which seemed to be uneasy, and the old man consented very readily; he took her by the horns and held fast till the operation was done.

"Have you had Robinson (his rival) around here lately," he asked.

"Yes! He's behind the barn, holding the calf!"

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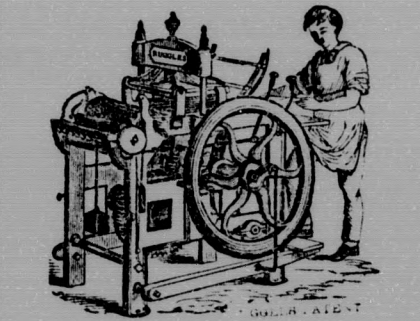
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HALLET & DAVIS' BOSTON PIANOS, SMITH BROS' HARMONIUMS, AND TREAT & LINSLEY'S MELODEONS. The Hallet & Davis Pianos are each supplied with their Patent Suspension Bridge, which a decided improvement—it gives a full and clear vibration in the upper octaves, producing a quality of tone unequalled in fineness and purity. Our Melodeons and Harmoniums are of the best quality, and warranted to give satisfaction.

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For Family Use and Manufacturing Purposes

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Over 50,000 in Use!

WE beg to assure the public that the well-known reputation of these Machines for RELIABILITY will be fully sustained, and in our rapidly increasing business the same care will be faithfully exercised in every department of our manufacture. Every Machine sold by us is WARRANTED IN EVERY RESPECT.

The public attention is respectfully requested to the following Card from the Grover & Baker S. M. Company.

The public, in their eagerness to supply themselves with Sewing Machines making, the Grover & Baker stitch must not forget to purchase them of the parties who alone are authorized to sell them. All machines sewing from the spools and in which one needle only penetrates the cloth, and having a feed which allows the material to be turned at will are infragments

GROVER & BAKER, S. M. CO.

A Card from Elias Howe, Jr.

All persons are cautioned not to make, deal in, or use, any Sewing Machines which sew from two spools and make the stitch known as the Grover & Baker stitch, unless the same are purchased from the GROVER & BAKER SEWING COMPANY, or their Agents, or Licensees, and stamped under my patent of September 10, 11.

Said Company and their Licensees, alone, are legally authorized under their own patents, and my said patent, during the extended term thereof, to make and sell this kind of Sewing Machines, and all others are pirates upon my said patent, and will be dealt with accordingly wherever found.

ELIAS HOWE, JR.

The attention of Tailors and Manufacturers, who prefer the "lock stitch," is called to our Improved Shuttle Machines, which are specially adapted to their requirements

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SETECH, Honey Dew Scotch, High Toast Scotch, Irish High Toast, or Luncheon, Attention is called to the LARGE RED COTTON PILLS OF FINE CUT CHEWING AND SMOOKING TOBACCO, WHICH WILL BE FOUND OF A SUPERIOR QUALITY.

TOBACCO, FINE CUT CHEWING, SMOOKING, LUNG, P. A. L. or plain, E. J. or Cavanish, or Sweet, Spanish, Sweetened, or Cavanish, or Turkish, 1 & 2 mixed, Tin Foil Cavanish, Granulated, N. B.—A circular of prices will be sent on application. May 21—1y.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE, SANSOME STREET, Opposite the American Theater, San Francisco.

S. H. SEYMOUR, Proprietor.

THE UNDERSIGNED, LONG CONNECTED with the establishment as Book keeper, begs respectfully to inform the old patrons of the house, and the public generally, that he has leased from Mr. Bailey Sargent,

THIS MAGNIFICENT ESTABLISHMENT, which will in future be entirely under his management and control, and where he will be pleased to see his old friends and the traveling public. He flatters himself that his experience in the business, and his long acquaintance with the people of California, will be a guarantee that no one will leave his house dissatisfied, and he pledges himself to spare no pains or expense in providing every means for the comfort and satisfaction of his guests.

THE AMERICAN EXCHANGE is well known to the people of California, that it seems almost unnecessary to say anything in praise, either of the building or its location. The Proprietor will remark that it is inferior to no house in the State in all the requirements of a FIRST CLASS HOTEL, being in a central location and easy of access from all parts of the city. The ROOMS are large and WELL VENTILATED, and furnished with Spring Mattresses. Water has been introduced into all parts of the house.

BATH ROOMS on the premises for the convenience of families.

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Strangers visiting the city will please call and leave their measure, free of charge. April 17—ly FRENCH, WILSON & CO.

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The celebrated Female Remedies, compounded from the private prescriptions of DR. YOUNG, have now obtained a most extended popularity, and are correctly viewed to be the safest and most efficacious for the complaints for which they are applied.

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No Lady should be without these Restorative agents. Non-genuine unless procured of his office. Sent by Mail or Express, to any part of the State. Sent by Consultation by letter or otherwise free.

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THE NEAR APPROACH OF THIS ESTABLISHMENT to the business portion of the city, and, at the same time, its retirement, renders it easy of access and assures the patient full guarantee of security.

Dr. J. C. Young has been a practical specialist for a period of twenty years, and for twelve years on this coast, during which time his private medical and surgical institution has been in uninterrupted successful operation, discharging cures annually upwards of five thousand patients. Cures always guaranteed or no pay required.

Long practice and thorough investigation into the causes of diseases of the urinary organs, enables Dr. Young to determine clearly, and at once, the true nature of the complaint submitted to his care, securing the patient against the dangers of delay liable, and which, alas! too often, do arise from mistaken judgment; thus treating the disorder from the start with all the advantage a perfect knowledge gives.

Veneral diseases, of every class and nature, cured in the most prompt, speedy, and permanent manner, without the use of mercury in any form.

Syphilis and its adjuncts, Gonorrhoea and its accompanying diseases, all disorders of the Bladder, Kidneys, and Prostate; Seminal Weakness; Diseases of the Heart and Lungs; Dyspepsia; Indigestion; Impotency; Incipient Consumption, &c.

Persons afflicted with symptoms after having been treated, should consult Dr. Young at once, as no disease is cured unless the patient feels perfectly well. If there is a particle of disease left in the system, it will break out at some future time when least expected, or be handed down to an innocent offspring.

Persons who have been treated with mercury should be very cautious in believing that they are well for it is a scientific fact that the mercury will mingle with the venereal and form a disease a great deal worse than the original. All those who have reason to think, by bad feelings, that they have been treated thus, should consult Dr. Young, and he will examine their cases and tell them at once how they stand.

Consultation Free.

All the above enumerated diseases—terrible in their array, and fearful as they are in their results—the one standing prominent amongst them for severity and destructive effects, is that most terrible of all diseases, seminal weakness, or spermatorrhoea.

Those who have become the victims of solitary vice, that dreadful, fascinating and destructive habit, which fills thousands of sick rooms with paralytics and consumptives, and hundreds of untimely graves with its misguided victims, should consult, without a moment's delay, one who will sympathize with their sufferings, and cure them for moderate compensation.

Dr. J. C. Young would especially address himself to such, giving to each and all assurance of a perfect and permanent cure.

The young man who experiences that growing weakness in his muscular and mental organization should stop to consider whether it arises.

He will find in the weakness of the back, trembling of the limbs, disordered digestion, unaccountable failing of the powers of the mind, distaste for society, dread of impending trouble, forebodings of evil, sleeplessness, troubled and anxious dreams, accompanied by nocturnal emissions, growing deafness, loss of muscular power, and numerous other symptoms of disorganization, the positive traces of that most terrible and destructive of all diseases, seminal weakness—wasting away his powers, destroying his hope of life and manhood, and dragging him along the broken path of existence towards a premature and lonely grave.

The intermediate steps between the commencement of this disease and its culmination in that only rest to the uncurved victim—death—may be enumerated, loss of muscular power, insanity, impotency, &c.

To him who finds his life dripping out in the discharges of the vitæ seminalis, the mere cessation of the causes of its appearance brings no assurance of relief.

Marriage, that holy office, the safeguard and hope of mankind, brings to such an one no hope of cure, but adds to his misery and his disorder, until he leaves him.

There is no cure except in proper and skillful treatment. Consult, then, at once, a Physician whom long practice and careful research has made their equally conversant with every phase of the disease.

All those who are married, or contemplate marriage, who experience any of the numerous symptoms mentioned, the presence of seminal weakness, should at once place themselves in communication with Dr. J. C. Young, 615 Commercial street, opposite U. S. Branch Mint, either by letter or personal interview, who assures them of a perfect and permanent cure, without danger of exposure or hindrance from business, it being impossible for a man's most intimate companion to discover for what he is being treated.

To those in the Interior of the State, Who are suffering under any form of Private Disease, whether contracted from impure connections or induced by other causes, Dr. Young would directly address himself, informing them that they can be cured without the necessity of a journey to San Francisco.

Diseases of the heart, lungs, and liver. Dr. Young would call the attention of invalids to his course of practice in the above complaints. Throwing aside as useless, and more useless, as highly injurious, all forms of mercury, the Doctor relies entirely upon the Vegetable Practice.

Thousands of testimonials are in his hands indicating the astonishing success he has met with in the treatment of all diseases of the Heart, Lungs and Liver, on a purely Vegetable basis. The treatment calls for no confinement in the house, absence from business, nor change of diet.

The same success has marked his treatment of all Diseases of the Blood and Skin.

Inevitable address at once, (consultation free) DR. J. C. YOUNG, 615 Commercial street, opposite the Mint, San Francisco.

TO LADIES

Destroyers of the address of a Physician upon the above point to their sex, should select one whose reputation for success and skill warrants him in the assurance of guaranteeing to them not only relief but perfect cure.

DR. J. C. YOUNG Has been for a series of years a professor of the disorders of Females, and the success attendant upon his treatment has become so well known as to elicit universal approbation.

Ladies who have taken advantage of his skill enjoy perfect immunity from a return of their former sufferings.

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